



10078.

C117

19.

THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.

IN FIVE CANTOS.



FRONTISPIECE



W Hamilton R.A del^t

F Bartolozzi R.A sculp^t

*The Graces stand in sight; a Satyr train
Peeps o'er their head, and laughs behind the scene.*

Parnell

Published Nov. 1798. F. F. Du Roveray. London.

THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK,

AN
HEROI-COMICAL POEM,

BY
A. POPE.

ADORNED WITH PLATES.

LONDON:

Printed by T. Bensley;

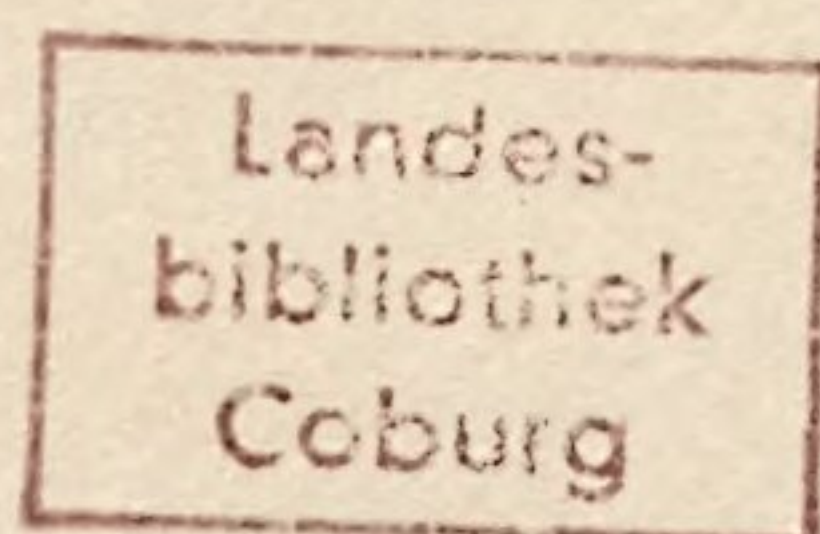
FOR F. J. DU ROVERAY, GREAT ST. HELENS;

AND SOLD BY J. AND A. ARCH, GRACECHURCH-

STREET; AND J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY.

1798.

C II 7/19



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Rape of the Lock was first published in the year 1711, and was written in less than a fortnight. It was occasioned by a frolic, carried rather beyond the bounds of good breeding, in which Lord Petre cut off a lock of Mrs. Arabella Fermor's hair: the poem was undertaken at the request of Mr. Caryl, in order to reconcile the two families, this frolic having occasioned a serious rupture between them.

It was received with such universal applause as to induce Pope to extend it the fol-

lowing year from two Cantos to five, by the addition of the machinery of the Sylphs and Gnomes. This improvement, which may be considered as one of the happiest efforts of art, did not, however, receive the approbation of Addison, who, possibly, might not conceive the propriety with which the introduction of this new machinery could be effected. Addison's opinion in this instance was so far from being confirmed by the voice of his contemporaries, or by the decision of posterity, that it was attributed to jealousy, though it contains no proof of his being actuated by so base a motive: yet, when we consider the imperfections of human nature, and Addison's conduct in regard to Pope and Tickell's trans-

lations of the first book of the Iliad, it must be confessed that the accusation is not entirely devoid of probability.

Before the Rape of the Lock appeared, our writers were distinguished in the eyes of foreigners by vigorous thought, and powerful expression. Mr. Pope has shewn that we were equally qualified to sacrifice at the shrine of the Graces.

It would be unnecessary, and almost impertinent, to point out the particular beauties of a poem so universally read and admired, and upon which so much has been already written. Pope's writings are perhaps a greater accession to our literature than those of any other poet, and, amongst them, the Rape of

the Lock stands pre-eminent, at least in that first characteristic of a poet, invention.

It is a curious circumstance that Parnell, hearing Pope repeat the description of Belinda's toilet, immediately translated it into monkish Latin verses, and accused Pope of plagiarism, who did not discover the stratagem till undeceived by Parnell.

Doctor Johnson has made a few observations upon the Rape of the Lock, which we shall here transcribe.

“To the praises,” says he, “which have been accumulated on the ‘Rape of the Lock’ by readers of every class, from the critic to the waiting-maid, it is difficult to make any addition. Of that which is universally allowed

to be the most attractive of all ludicrous compositions, let it rather be now enquired from what sources the power of pleasing is derived.

“ Dr. Warburton, who excelled in critical perspicacity, has remarked that the preternatural agents are very happily adapted to the purposes of the poem. The heathen deities can no longer gain attention: we should have turned away from a contest between Venus and Diana. The employment of allegorical persons always excites conviction of its own absurdity;^a they may produce effects, but can-

^a This remark of Dr. Johnson's seems rather shallow, and it is certainly ill applied; for what are *Spleen* and her attendants but allegorical actors?

not conduct actions: when the phantom is put in motion it dissolves: thus Discord may raise a mutiny; but Discord cannot conduct a march, nor besiege a town. Pope brought in view a new race of beings, with powers and passions proportionate to their operation. The Sylphs and Gnomes act, at the toilet and the table, what more terrific and more powerful phantoms perform on the stormy ocean, or the field of battle; they give their proper help, and do their proper mischief.

“Pope is said, by an objector, not to have been the inventor of this petty nation; a charge which might with more justice have been brought against the author of the ‘Iliad,’ who doubtless adopted the religious system of

his country; for what is there, but the names of his agents, which Pope has not invented? Has he not assigned them characters and operations never heard of before? Has he not, at least, given them their first poetical existence? If this is not sufficient to denominate his work original, nothing original ever can be written.

“ In this work are exhibited, in a very high degree, the two most engaging powers of an author. New things are made familiar, and familiar things are made new. A race of aërial people, never heard of before, is presented to us in a manner so clear and easy, that the reader seeks for no further information, but immediately mingles with his new

acquaintance, adopts their interests, and attends their pursuits; loves a Sylph, and detests a Gnome.

“That familiar things are made new, every paragraph will prove. The subject of the poem is an event below the common incidents of common life; nothing real is introduced that is not seen so often as to be no longer regarded; yet the whole detail of a female-day is here brought before us, invested with so much art of decoration that, though nothing is disguised, every thing is striking, and we feel all the appetite of curiosity for that from which we have a thousand times turned fastidiously away.

“The purpose of the poet is, as he tells us, to laugh at ‘the little unguarded follies of the female sex.’ It is therefore without justice that Dennis charges the ‘Rape of the Lock’ with the want of a moral, and for that reason sets it below the ‘Lutrin,’ which exposes the pride and discord of the clergy. Perhaps neither Pope nor Boileau has made the world much better than he found it; but, if they had both succeeded, it were easy to tell who would have deserved most from public gratitude. The freaks, and humours, and spleen, and vanity, of women, as they embroil families in discord, and fill houses with disquiet, do more to obstruct the happiness of life in a year than the ambition of the clergy in many

centuries.^b It has been well observed, that the misery of man proceeds not from any single crush of overwhelming evil, but from small vexations continually repeated.

“ It is remarked by Dennis likewise, that the machinery is superfluous; that, by all the bustle of preternatural operation, the main event is neither hastened nor retarded. To this charge an efficacious answer is not easily made. The sylphs cannot be said to help or to oppose; and it must be allowed to imply some want of art, that their power has not been sufficiently intermingled with the action.

^b Perhaps the reverse of this might with more truth be asserted; but we are generally little concerned about the evils which seem at too great a distance to affect us.

Other parts may likewise be charged with want of connection; the game at ombre might be spared: but, if the lady had lost her hair while she was intent upon her cards, it might have been inferred that those who are too fond of play will be in danger of neglecting more important interests. Those perhaps are faults; but what are such faults to such excellence!"

To these observations, from the pen of a critic who may be accused of having exercised no small degree of severity in judging some of the writings of Pope, we shall only add (what we hope will not be thought an exaggerated eulogium) that no work contains such delicate, and, at the same time, such forcible strokes of wit, free from coarseness and ribaldry, which

are too often mistaken for wit; that it is not only superior to every other heroi-comical poem, but has also been justly styled the best satire extant.

As many of the notes upon the Rape of the Lock, in a late edition of Pope's works, answer no purpose but that of refuting each other, and thereby perplexing the reader, we shall retain only in this such as come from the pen of Pope, which were chiefly intended to mark the differences between the first and subsequent editions.

TO

MR. POPE.

To praise, and still with just respect to praise

A bard triumphant in immortal bays,

The learn'd to show, the sensible commend,

Yet still preserve the province of the friend;

What life, what vigour, must the lines require!

What music tune them, what affection fire!

O might thy genius in my bosom shine,
 Thou shouldst not fail of numbers worthy thine;
 The brightest ancients might at once agree
 To sing within my lays, and sing of thee.

Horace himself would own thou dost excel
 In candid arts to play the critic well.
 Ovid himself might wish to sing the dame
 Whom Windsor Forest sees a gliding stream;
 On silver feet, with annual osier crown'd,
 She runs for ever through poetic ground.

How flame the glories of Belinda's hair,
 Made by the Muse the envy of the fair!
 Less shone the tresses Egypt's princess wore,
 Which sweet Callimachus so sung before.
 Here courtly trifles set the world at odds;
 Belles war with beaux, and whims descend for gods.

The new machines, in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave frenzy of the chemic fool.
But know, ye Fair, a point conceal'd with art,
The sylphs and gnomes are but a woman's heart.
The graces stand in sight; a satyr-train
Peeps o'er their head, and laughs behind the scene.
In Fame's fair temple, o'er the boldest wits
Inshrin'd on high the sacred Virgil sits;
And sits in measures such as Virgil's muse
To place thee near him might be fond to chuse:
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he;
While some old Damon, o'er the vulgar wise,
Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the prize!
Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,
And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.

Indulgent nurse of ev'ry tender gale,
Parent of flowrets, old Arcadia, hail!
Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,
Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head:
Still slide thy waters, soft among the trees
Thy aspens quiver in a breathing breeze!
Smile, all ye vallies, in eternal spring,
Be hush'd, ye winds, while Pope and Virgil sing.

 In English lays, and all sublimely great,
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat;
He shines in council, thunders in the fight,
And flames with ev'ry sense of great delight.
Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like monarchs sparkling on a distant throne;
In all the majesty of Greek retir'd,
Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd;

His language failing, wrapt him round with night;

Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.

So wealthy mines, that ages long before

Fed the large realms around with golden ore,

When chok'd by sinking banks, no more appear,

And shepherds only say, 'The mines were here:'

Should some rich youth (if Nature warm his heart,

And all his projects stand inform'd with art)

Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein,

The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious, are thy new designs!

How ev'ry music varies in thy lines!

Still, as I read, I feel my bosom beat,

And rise in raptures by another's heat.

Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,

While Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease,

Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle, blest,
And Philomela sweetest o'er the rest:
The shades resound with song—O softly tread,
While a whole season warbles round my head.

 This to my friend—and when a friend inspires,
My silent harp its master's hand requires,
Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound;
For Fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground;
Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
From wit, from learning—very far from thee.
Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf;
Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf;
Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
Rocks at their sides, and torrents at their feet;
Or lazy lakes, unconscious of a flood,
Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud:

Yet here content can dwell, and learned ease,
A friend delight me, and an author please;
E'en here I sing, when Pope supplies the theme,
Show my own love, though not increase his fame.

T. PARNELL.

The first of these is the fact that the
the second is the fact that the
the third is the fact that the
the fourth is the fact that the
the fifth is the fact that the

the sixth is the fact that the
the seventh is the fact that the
the eighth is the fact that the
the ninth is the fact that the
the tenth is the fact that the

the eleventh is the fact that the
the twelfth is the fact that the
the thirteenth is the fact that the
the fourteenth is the fact that the
the fifteenth is the fact that the

the sixteenth is the fact that the
the seventeenth is the fact that the
the eighteenth is the fact that the
the nineteenth is the fact that the
the twentieth is the fact that the

the twenty-first is the fact that the
the twenty-second is the fact that the
the twenty-third is the fact that the
the twenty-fourth is the fact that the
the twenty-fifth is the fact that the

the twenty-sixth is the fact that the
the twenty-seventh is the fact that the
the twenty-eighth is the fact that the
the twenty-ninth is the fact that the
the thirtieth is the fact that the

XXV

TO

MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

It will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this Piece, since I dedicate it to you. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with

the air of a secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a bookseller, you had the good-nature, for my sake, to consent to the publication of one more correct: this I was forced to, before I had executed half my design, for the machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the critics, to signify that part which the deities, angels, or dæmons, are made to act in a poem: for the ancient poets are in one respect like many modern ladies, let an action be ever so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrusian doctrine of spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a lady; but it is so much the concern of a poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrusians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called 'Le Comte de Gabalis,' which, both in its title and size, is so like a novel, that many of the fair sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The gnomes, or dæmons of earth, delight in mischief; but the sylphs, whose

habitation is in the air, are the best conditioned creatures imaginable: for they say, any mortal may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true adepts, an inviolate preservation of chastity.

As to the following Cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous as the vision at the beginning, or the transformation at the end (except the loss of your hair, which I always mention with reverence). The human persons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in beauty.

If this poem had as many graces as there are in your person, or in your mind, yet I could never

hope it should pass through the world half so uncensured as you have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem,

MADAM,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

A. POPE.

THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO I.



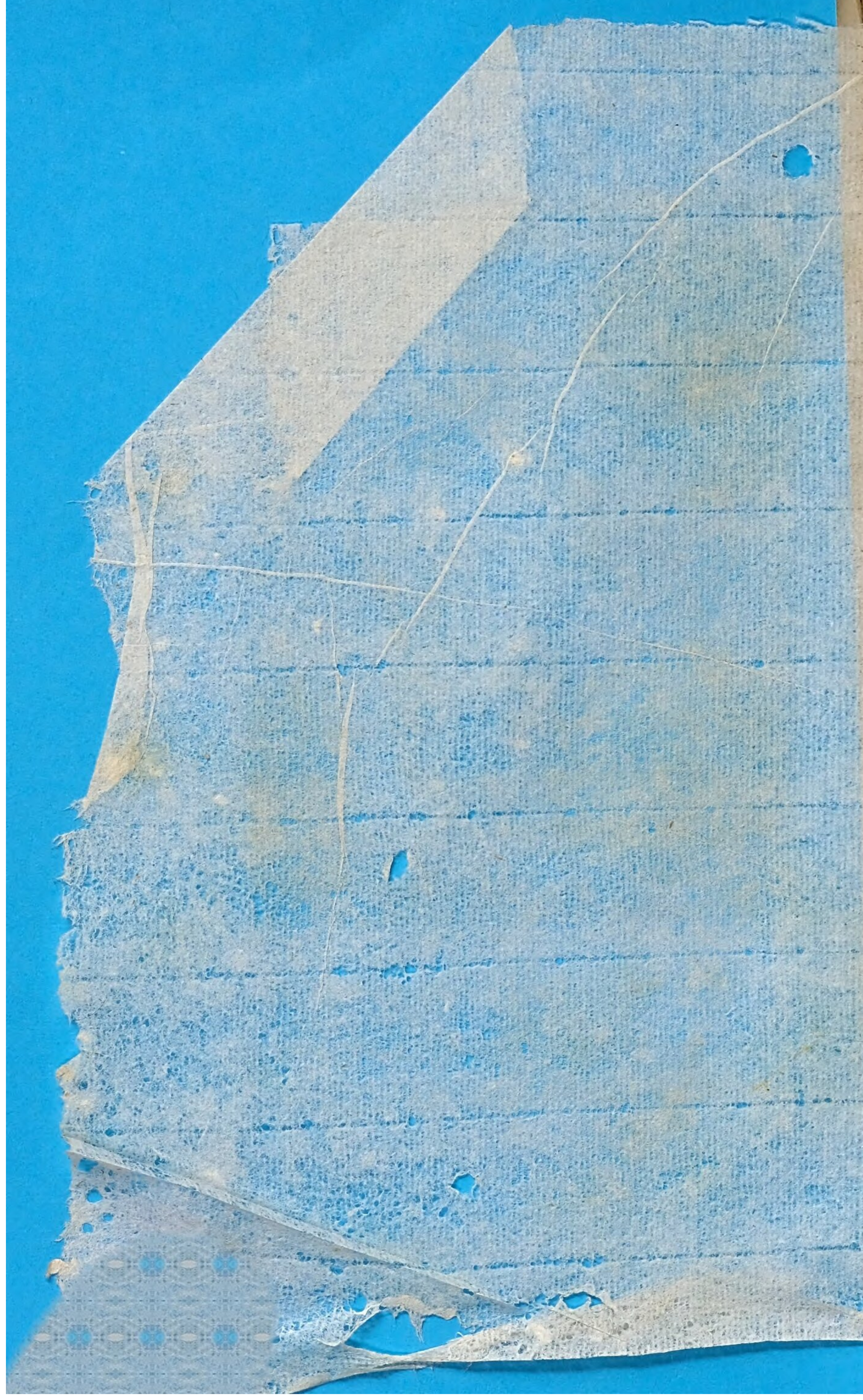


E. F. Burney del.

F. Bartolozzi R.A. sculp.

*'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux;*





THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to Caryl, Muse! is due:
This, e'en Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve, my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?

O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,

Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?

In tasks so bold can little men engage,

And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,

And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:

Now lap-dogs give themselves the rouzing shake,

And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:

Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,

And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.

Belinda still her downy pillow prest,

Her guardian sylph prolong'd the balmy rest:

'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed

The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head:

A youth more glitt'ring than a birth-night beau

(That e'en in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)

Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,

And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say:

‘ Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish’d care

Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!

If e’er one vision touch’d thy infant thought,

Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught;

Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,

The silver token, and the circled green,

Or virgins visited by angel pow’rs,

With golden crowns and wreaths of heav’nly flow’rs;

Hear and believe! thy own importance know,

Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.

Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal’d,

To maids alone and children are reveal’d:

What though no credit doubting wits may give?

The fair and innocent shall still believe.

Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky:
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once enclos'd in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to those of air.
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And, though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death survive.

For when the fair in all their pride expire,
 To their first elements their souls retire:
 The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
 Mount up, and take a salamander's name.
 Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
 And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
 The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
 In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
 The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
 And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

' Know further yet; whoever fair and chaste
 Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embrac'd:
 For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
 Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
 What guards the purity of melting maids,
 In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,

Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
 The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
 When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
 When music softens, and when dancing fires?
 'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
 Though honour is the word with men below.

‘ Some nymphs there are too conscious of their face,
 For life predestin'd to the gnomes' embrace.
 These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
 When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd:
 Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
 While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train,
 And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
 And in soft sounds ‘ Your Grace ’ salutes their ear.
 'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
 Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,

Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,

And little hearts to flutter at a beau.

‘ Oft, when the world imagine women stray,

The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way;

Through all the giddy circle they pursue,

And old impertinence expel by new.

What tender maid but must a victim fall

To one man’s treat, but for another’s ball?

When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,

If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?

With varying vanities, from ev’ry part,

They shift the moving toyshop of their heart;

Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots

strive,

Beaux banish beaux and coaches coaches drive.

This erring mortals levity may call;

Oh blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.

' Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
 A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
 Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
 In the clear mirror of thy ruling star,
 I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
 Ere to the main this morning sun descend,
 But Heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
 Warn'd by thy sylph, oh, pious maid, beware!
 This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
 Beware of all, but most beware of man!'

He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
 Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
 'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
 Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux;
 Wounds, charms, and ardours, were no sooner read,
 But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.

And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs.
A heav'nly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.

Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO II.

LB
Cob

Tho^s Stothard R.A. del^tAnker Smith A. sculp^t

*Belinda smild, and all the world was gay.
All but the sylph —*



THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs, and well-dress'd youths around her shone,
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.

Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those:
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
 Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
 Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind
 In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
 With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.

With hairy springes we the birds betray,
 Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
 Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
 And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
 He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.
 Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
 By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
 For when success a lover's toil attends,
 Few ask if fraud or force attain'd his ends.
 For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
 Propitious Heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd,
 But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
 Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
 There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
 And all the trophies of his former loves;

With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
 And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
 Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
 Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
 The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
 The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
 The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides;
 While melting music steals upon the sky,
 And soften'd sounds along the waters die:
 Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
 Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
 All but the sylph—with careful thoughts opprest,
 Th' impending wo sat heavy on his breast.
 He summons straight his denizens of air;
 The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:

Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light,
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions open'd to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.

‘ Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear,
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons, hear!
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign’d
By laws eternal to th’ aërial kind.
Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day:
Some guide the course of wand’ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky:
Some, less refin’d, beneath the moon’s pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o’er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others, on earth, o’er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:

Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.

‘ Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th’ imprison’d essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow’rs;
To steal from rainbows ere they drop in show’rs
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

‘ This day black omens threat the brightest fair
That e’er deserv’d a watchful spirit’s care;
Some dire disaster, or by force or slight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapp’d in night.

Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
 Or some frail china jar receive a flaw;
 Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
 Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;
 Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
 Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.
 Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
 The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
 The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
 And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
 Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite lock;
 Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

' To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
 We trust th' important charge, the petticoat:
 Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
 Though stiff with hoops and arm'd with ribs of whale;

Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

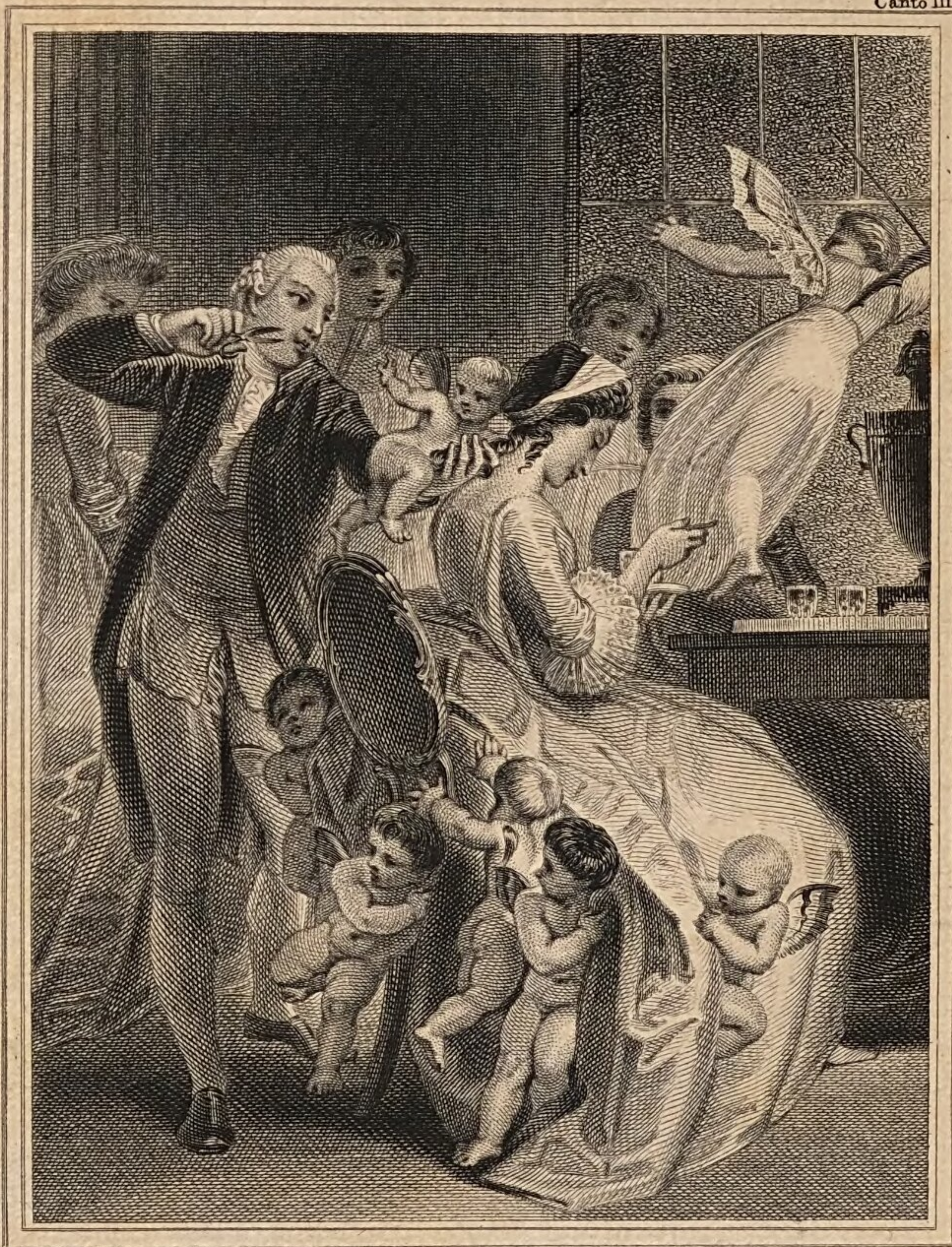
‘ Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o’ertake his sins,
Be stopp’d in vials, or transfix’d with pins;
Or plung’d in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg’d whole ages in a bodkin’s eye:
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg’d he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or alum styptics with contracting pow’r
Shrink his thin essence like a rivell’d flow’r:
Or, as Ixion fix’d, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!’

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO III.

LB
Cob



T. Stothard R.A. del.

Ja. Neagle sculp.

*The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
 To enclose the lock; now joins it to divide.*

THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that*.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.

Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom,
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred Nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand th' aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;
And four fair Queens, whose hands sustain a flow'r,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r;

Four Knaves, in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care:
'Let Spades be trumps!' she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of Spades appears,

Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,

The rest his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.

The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,

Proves the just victim of his royal rage.

E'en mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,

And mow'd down armies in the fights of Loo,

Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,

Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;

Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.

His warlike Amazon her host invades,

Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.

The Club's black tyrant first her victim dy'd,

Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride;

What boots the regal circle on his head,

His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;

That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd King who shews but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strew the level green.
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion diff'rent nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye;
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.

At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,

A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;

She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,

Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.

And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)

On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate:

An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the King unseen

Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:

He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,

And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.

The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky;

The walls, the woods, and long canals, reply.

O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,

Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.

Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,

And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.

Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
So ladies, in romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;

And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
 Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
 Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
 The close recesses of the virgin's thought:
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
 He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,
 Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
 An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
 Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,
 Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring forfex wide,
 T' enclose the lock; now joins it to divide.
 E'en then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
 A wretched sylph too fondly interpos'd;
 Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the sylph in twain,
 (But airy substance soon unites again)

The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
 From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
 And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
 Not louder shrieks to pitying Heav'n are cast,
 When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last;
 Or when rich China vessels, fall'n from high,
 In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments lie!

' Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,'
 The victor cry'd, ' the glorious prize is mine!
 While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
 Or in a coach and six the British fair,
 As long as Atalantis shall be read,
 Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
 While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
 When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,

While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!’

What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th’ imperial tow’rs of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.

What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hair should feel
The conqu’ring force of unresisted steel?

THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO IV.





H. Fuseli R.A. pinxit.

Tho. Holloway sculp.

*The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.*

THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph opprest,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinn'd awry,

E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair.

For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne; alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature, like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd!
With store of pray'rs for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming wo,
Wrapp'd in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;

Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout;
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks;
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.

Then thus address'd the pow'r—' Hail, wayward Queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give th' hysteric or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray:
A nymph there is that all your pow'r disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,

Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;
That single act gives half the world the spleen.'

The goddess, with a discontented air,
Seems to reject him, though she grants his pray'r.
A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to-day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the furies issu'd at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
'O wretched maid!' she spread her hands, and cry'd,
(While Hampton's echoes, 'Wretched maid!' reply'd)
'Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence, to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound?
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head?
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare?

Honour forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine
 Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
 Methinks already I your tears survey,
 Already hear the horrid things they say,
 Already see you a degraded toast,
 And all your honour in a whisper lost!
 How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
 And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
 Expos'd through crystal to the gazing eyes,
 And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
 On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
 Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park circus grow,
 And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
 Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
 Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!'

She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
 And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:
 (Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
 And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
 With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
 He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
 And thus broke out—' My lord, why, what the devil!
 Z—ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
 Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay, prithee, pox!
 Give her the hair.'—He spoke, and rapp'd his box.

' It grieves me much,' reply'd the peer again,
 ' Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain:
 But by this lock, this sacred lock, I swear,
 (Which never more shall join its parted hair;
 Which never more its honours shall renew,
 Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)

That, while my nostrils draw the vital air,
 This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.'
 He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
 The long-contended honours of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful gnome, forbears not so;
 He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
 Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
 Her eyes half languishing, half drown'd in tears;
 On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
 Which with a sigh she rais'd; and thus she said:

' For ever curs'd be this detested day,
 Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!
 Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
 If Hampton-court these eyes had never seen!
 Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
 By love of courts to num'rous ills betray'd.

Oh had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful lords to roam?
O had I staid, and said my pray'rs at home!
'Twas this the morning omens seem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tott'ring China shook without a wind,
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what e'en thy rapine spares:

These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!

THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO V.

LB
Cob



T. Stothard del. R.A.

W. Bromley sculp.

*A mournful glance Sir Fopling upward cast,
 "Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.*

THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears;
But fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began.

‘ Say, why are beauties prais’d and honour’d most,
 The wise man’s passion, and the vain man’s toast?
 Why deck’d with all the land and sea afford,
 Why angels call’d, and angel-like ador’d?
 Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov’d beaux?
 Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
 How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
 Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains;
 That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
 “ Behold the first in virtue as in face!”
 Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
 Charm’d the small-pox, or chas’d old age away,
 Who would not scorn what housewife’s cares produce,
 Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
 To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint,
 Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.

But since, alas! frail beauty must decay;
 Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to gray;
 Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
 And she who scorns a man must die a maid;
 What then remains, but well our pow'r to use,
 And keep good humour still whate'er we lose?
 And trust me, dear! good humour can prevail,
 When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
 Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.'

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensu'd;
 Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude.
 'To arms, to arms!' the fierce virago cries,
 And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
 All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
 Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;

Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
 And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
 No common weapons in their hands are found,
 Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
 And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage;
 'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
 And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
 Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
 Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:
 Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
 And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

Triumphant Umbriel, on a sconce's height,
 Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight:
 Propp'd on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
 The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
 And scatters death around from both her eyes,
 A beau and witling perish'd in the throng,
 One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song.
 ' O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,'
 Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
 A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
 ' Those eyes are made so killing'—was his last.
 Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies
 Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
 Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
 She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
 But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
 Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;

The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.
See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.
' Now meet thy fate,' incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.

(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
 Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck,
 In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
 Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
 Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
 The bells she gingled, and the whistle blew;
 Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
 Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

'Boast not my fall,' he cry'd, 'insulting foe!
 Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
 Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind;
 All that I dread is leaving you behind!
 Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
 And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.'

'Restore the lock!' she cries; and all around
 'Restore the lock!' the vaulted roofs rebound.

Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
 Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
 But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
 And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
 The lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
 In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain:
 With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
 So Heav'n decrees! with Heav'n who can contest?
 Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
 Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
 There heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
 And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
 There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
 And lovers' hearts with ends of ribband bound,
 The courtier's promises, and sick men's pray'rs,
 The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,

Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upwards rise,
Though mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confess'd in view)
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heav'ns bespangling with dishevell'd light.
The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress through the skies.

This the beau monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray;
This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake;

This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galilæo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.

Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
For after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust;
This lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

NOTES, VARIATIONS,
AND
IMITATIONS.

NOTES, &c.

CANTO I.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;

Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis. MART.

It appears by this motto that the following poem was written or published at the lady's request. But there are some further circumstances not unworthy relating. Mr. Caryl (a gentleman who was secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II, whose fortunes he followed into France, author of the comedy of Sir Solomon Single, and of several translations in Dryden's miscellanies) originally proposed

the subject to him, in a view of putting an end, by this piece of ridicule, to a quarrel that was risen between two noble families, those of Lord Petre and of Mrs. Fermor, on the trifling occasion of his having cut off a lock of her hair. The author sent it to the lady, with whom he was acquainted; and she took it so well as to give about copies of it. That first sketch (we learn from one of his letters) was written in less than a fortnight, in 1711, in two Cantos only, and it was so printed; first, in a miscellany of Bern. Lintot's, without the name of the author. But it was received so well, that he made it more considerable the next year by the addition of the machinery of the Sylphs, and extended it to five Cantos. We shall give the reader the pleasure of seeing in what manner these additions were inserted, so as to seem not to be added, but to grow out of the poem. See notes, Canto I, ver. 19, &c.

Ver. 11, 12. It was in the first editions,

And dwells such rage in softest bosoms then,
And lodge such daring souls in little men?

Ver. 13, &c. stood thus in the first edition,

Sol through white curtains did his beams display,
And op'd those eyes which brighter shone than they:
Shock just had given himself the rousing shake,
And nymphs prepar'd their chocolate to take;
Thrice the wrought slipper knock'd against the ground,
And striking watches the tenth hour resound.

Ver. 19. 'Belinda still,' &c.] All the verses
from hence to the end of this Canto were added
afterwards,

Ver. 54, 55.

————— "Quæ gratia currûm
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos."

VIRG. *Æneid* vi.

Ver. 108. 'In the clear mirror.'] The lan-

guage of the Platonists, the writers of the intelligible world of spirits, &c.

Ver. 121. ‘And now unveil’d,’ &c.] The translation of these verses, containing the description of the toilet, by our author’s friend, Dr. Parnell, deserve, for their humour, to be here inserted.

“ Et nunc dilectum speculum, pro more reiectum,
 Emicat in mensâ, quæ splendet pyxide densâ:
 Tum primùm lymphâ se purgat candida Nympha,
 Jamque sine mendâ, cœlestis imago videnda,
 Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet ocellos.
 Hâc stupet explorans, ceu cultus numen adorans.
 Inferior claram Pythonissa apparet ad aram,
 Fertque tibi cautè, dicatque superbia! lautè;
 Dona venusta; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
 Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
 Pyxide devotâ, se pandit hic India tota,
 Et tota ex istâ transpirat Arabia cistâ;
 Testudo hîc flectit, dum se mea Lesbia pectit;
 Atque elephas lentè, te pectit Lesbia dente;
 Hunc maculis nôris, nivei jacet ille coloris.
 Hîc jacet et mundè, mundus muliebris abundè;



Spinula resplendens æris longo ordine pendens,
 Pulvis suavis odore, et epistola suavis amore.
 Induit arma ergo, Veneris pulcherrima virgo;
 Pulchrior in præsens tempus de tempore crescens;
 Jam reparat risus, jam surgit gratiâ visûs,
 Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu;
 Pigmina jam miscet, quo plus sua purpura gliscet,
 Et geminans bellis splendet magè fulgor ocellis.
 Stant lemures muti, Nymphæ intentique saluti,
 Hic figit Zonam, capiti locat ille coronam,
 Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam,
 Et tibi, vel *Betty* tibi vel nitidissima *Letty*!
 Gloria factorum temerè conceditur horum."

Ver. 145. 'The busy sylphs,' &c.] Ancient traditions of the Rabbi's relate, that several of the fallen angels became amorous of women, and particularize some; among the rest Asael, who lay with Naamah, the wife of Noah, or of Ham; and who continuing impenitent, still presides over the women's toilets.

BERESHI Rabbi in Genes. vi. 2.

CANTO II.

Ver. 4. 'Launch'd on the bosom,' &c.] From hence the poem continues, in the first edition, to ver. 46.

'The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air;'

all after, to the end of this Canto, being additional.

Ver. 45. 'The pow'rs gave ear.'] Virg. *Æn.* xi.

CANTO III.

Ver. 1. ‘Close by those meads.>] The first edition continues from this line to ver. 24 of this Canto.

Ver. 11, 12. Originally in the first edition,

In various talk the cheerful hours they past,
Of, who was bit, or who capotted last.

Ver. 24. ‘And the long labours of the toilet cease.>] All that follows of the game at ombre, was added since the first edition, till ver. 105, which connected thus,

Sudden the board with cups and spoons is crown’d.

Ver. 105. ‘Sudden the board,’ &c.] From hence, the first edition continues to ver. 134.

Ver. 122. ‘ And think of Scylla’s fate! ’] Vide
Ovid’s Metam. viii.

Ver. 134. In the first edition it was thus,
As o’er the fragrant stream she bends her head.

Ver. 147.

First he expands the glitt’ring forfex wide
T’ inclose the lock; then joins it to divide:
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever,
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever.

All that is between was added afterwards.

Ver. 152. ‘ But airy substance. ’] See Milton,
lib. vi, of Satan cut asunder by the angel Michael.

Ver. 163, 170.

“ Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.”

VIRG.

Ver. 177.

“ Ille quoque eversus mons est, &c.
Quid faciant crines, cum ferro talia cedant?”

CATULL. de com. Berenices.

CANTO IV.

Ver. 1.

“ At regina gravi,” &c. VIRG. *Æn.* iv.

Ver. 11. ‘ For that sad moment,’ &c.] All the lines from hence to the 94th verse, that describe the house of Spleen, are not in the first edition; instead of them followed only these,

While her rack’d soul repose and peace requires,
The fierce Thalestris fans the rising fires.

And continued at the 94th verse of this Canto.

Ver. 51. ‘ Homer’s tripod walks,'] See Hom. *Iliad* xviii, of Vulcan’s walking tripods.

Ver. 52. ‘ And there a goose-pie talks.'] Alludes to a real fact, a lady of distinction imagined herself in this condition.

Ver. 133. ‘ But by this lock. ’] In allusion to Achilles’ oath in Homer, Il. i.

Ver. 141.

‘ But Umbriel, hateful gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.’

These two lines are additional; and assign the cause of the different operation on the passions of the two ladies. The poem went on before without that distinction, as without any machinery, to the end of the Canto.

CANTO V.

Ver. 7. ‘Then grave Clarissa,’ &c.] A new character introduced in the subsequent editions, to open more clearly the moral of the poem, in a parody of the speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer.

Ver. 35. ‘So spoke the dame.’] It is a verse frequently repeated in Homer after any speech,

“So spoke—and all the heroes applauded.”

Ver. 37. ‘To arms, to arms!'] From hence the first edition goes on to the conclusion, except a very few short insertions added, to keep the machinery in view to the end of the poem.

Ver. 45. ‘ So when bold Homer.’] Homer,
Il. xx.

Ver. 53. ‘ Triumphant Umbriel.’] These four
lines added for the reason before mentioned.

Minerva in like manner, during the battle of
Ulysses with the suitors in the Odyss. perches on
a beam of the roof to behold it.

Ver. 64. ‘ Those eyes are made so killing.’] The
words of a song in the opera of Camilla.

Ver. 65. ‘ Thus on Mæander’s flow’ry margin
lies.’]

“ Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis,
Ad vada Mæandri concinit albus olor.” OVID. Ep.

Ver. 71. ‘ Now Jove,’ &c.] Vid. Homer, Il. viii.
and Virg Æn. xii.

Ver. 83. ‘ The gnomes direct.’] These two
lines added for the above reason.

Ver. 89. ‘The same, his ancient personage to deck.’] In imitation of the progress of Agamemnon’s sceptre in Homer, Il. ii.

Ver. 114. ‘Since all things lost.’] Vide Ariosto, Canto xxxiv.

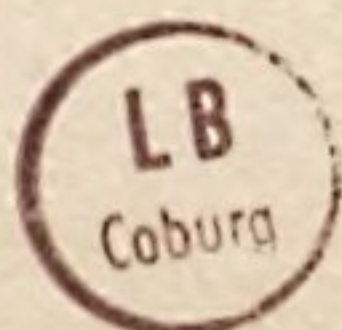
Ver. 128.

“Flammiferumque trahens spatioso limite crinem
Stella micat.” OVID.

Ver. 131. ‘The sylphs behold.’] These two lines added for the same reason, to keep in view the machinery of the poem.

Ver. 137. ‘This Partridge soon.’] John Partridge was a ridiculous star-gazer, who in his almanacks every year never failed to predict the downfall of the Pope, and the king of France, then at war with the English.

THE END.



Lately was published,

A NEW EDITION
OF
GLOVER'S LEONIDAS,

PRINTED UNIFORMLY WITH
THE RAPE OF THE LOCK,
And adorned with SEVEN PLATES, including a PORTRAIT
of the AUTHOR;

In Two Volumes, Price Fifteen Shillings in Boards.

And speedily will be published,

A NEW EDITION
OF
GRAY'S POEMS,

UNIFORM WITH THE ABOVE,
And adorned with SIX PLATES, to be engraved by the
First Artists,
From Pictures and Drawings by H. FUSELI, R. A.
and W. HAMILTON, R. A.

After stating his belief that the RAPE OF THE LOCK is entirely
free from typographical errors, the Editor thinks he may
venture to promise that his Edition of GRAY shall be found
equally correct.

THE NEW EDITION
OF
GUTHRIE'S HONORABLE

THE NEW EDITION
OF
GUTHRIE'S HONORABLE

THE NEW EDITION
OF
GUTHRIE'S HONORABLE

THE NEW EDITION
OF
GUTHRIE'S HONORABLE

THE NEW EDITION
OF
GUTHRIE'S HONORABLE

THE NEW EDITION
OF
GUTHRIE'S HONORABLE

THE NEW EDITION
OF
GUTHRIE'S HONORABLE

THE NEW EDITION
OF
GUTHRIE'S HONORABLE

THE NEW EDITION
OF
GUTHRIE'S HONORABLE

LB
Cob

Pope, Alexander,

The rape of the lock an heroi-comical poem ; [in five cantos]

London 1798

Coburg, Landesbibliothek -- C II 7

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb11919422-6